

It was thought he was dead, at first, and then that he would die in a few hours. But the giant strength of the guant mountaineer has pulled him through so far, and perhaps he may yet cheat death and live to serve the sentence Judge Massie imposed on him.

And meantime, Hillsville suggests the center of some bitter civil war.

The Fowlers and the Kanes, the Marshalls and Faddises, the Howletts and the Worrells all have taken arms, and all have sworn to exact a terrible vengeance on the Allens.

Early this morning, Detective Felts and twenty men, heavily armed, arrived to take up the pursuit of the murderers of Judge Massie. They took up the trail before noon. One of them already has paid the penalty with his life, according to a report here.

Sheriff's posses are guarding the mountain passes toward the North Carolina border, where the Allens have many friends, grim, mirthless, lawless men like themselves and bound to them by blood ties.

Secret Service Agent Thomas, the man who secured the conviction of Sidney Allen for counterfeiting, and who has known the Allens for twenty years, and who knows every foot of the mountains as well as do the Allens themselves, is on his way here from Charlotte, N. C., to aid in the chase of the Allens.

Governor Mann is holding several companies of troops ready

for instant despatch to Hillsville should they be necessary, although it is felt that troops who do not know the Blue Ridge mountains will be of little use.

The Allens sent a message to Hillsville this morning. It was brought by a little, bare-footed boy, the son of a mountaineer. His message ran:

"Sidney Allen says there will be a citizen's life taken for every Allen hurt or captured."

Victor Allen, the son of Floyd Allen is in jail here. He had said that his father would never be taken alive, but he was surprised and overpowered before he could draw his weapon.

The jail is guarded by fifty men, mountaineers all, who carry, carelessly slung through their arms, Winchester rifles.

If the Allens had shot only the officers of the court yesterday, their chances of escape might have been good. No one in Carroll County, no one who knew the mountains, would have lifted a finger to aid the officers of the law.

But the clans of the jurors and the spectators who were shot are strong. Their code is the Allen code. A tooth for a tooth; an eye for an eye; a life for a life.

And they have sworn to wipe out the Allens, and they know the mountains as well as the Allens, and are as good shots, and they mean what they say.

It is civil war on a small scale that has broken out. The fight of clan against clan, family against family.